ИССЛЕДОВАНИЕ № 5 ИЗ КНИГИ ВЛАДИМИРА МИХАЙЛОВА «АНАЛИЗ ВСЕХ СТИХОТВОРЕНИЙ Ю. С. ЯЛАВИНА. ТОМ 4: ТВОРЧЕСТВО 2000-х ГОДОВ»

После долгого дождевого заслона,
Когда порывы ветра утихли вдруг,
Золотыми потоками с синего трона
Брызнуло солнце на изумрудный луг.
(Ю. Ялавин «После долгого дождевого заслона…», 2005)

«Новый лаконизм»: разбор одного четверостишия Юрия Ялавина

Представьте себе: вы стоите под стеной серого, бесконечного ливня. Небо кажется бетонным, мир — выцветшим. И вдруг — мгновенный разрыв, вспышка, и всё вокруг заливает золотом. Как описать это в стихах, чтобы читатель не просто прочитал, а зажмурился от яркости?
Большинство поэтов веками шли по пути «красивости». Константин Бальмонт, например, засыпал бы нас «золотыми лучиками» и «милыми тучками». Это сладко, как сахарная вата, но быстро тает в памяти. Юрий Ялавин в своём четверостишии «После долгого дождевого заслона…» выбирает другой путь — путь алмазной точности.
В чём секрет текста Юрия Сергеевича? В нём нет лишнего «мусора». Поэт не уговаривает нас в красивости, он создаёт красоту прямо в нашей голове. Обратите внимание на слово «заслон». Это не просто туча, а мощная преграда, почти стена. И когда она рушится, автор использует гениальное слово — «брызнуло». Не «пролилось», не «выглянуло», а именно «брызнуло»! Похоже на взрыв шампанского, на удар световой волны. В этом слове — чистая энергия жизни, которая не просто присутствует, а буквально нападает на серые будни и побеждает их.
И здесь кроется главная философская глубина: Ялавин описывает не просто погоду, а момент освобождения духа. «Дождевой заслон» — это любая человеческая тягота или застой, а «солнце на синем троне» — внезапная внутренняя победа. Поэт передаёт грандиозный психологический переворот, вообще не прибегая к лишним словам «я» или «мне». Перед нами прорыв к свету, зашифрованный в пейзаже.
Если сравнить со стихотворением великого Гёте, который в своих «Горных вершинах» убаюкивает нас тишиной и покоем, то Ялавин, наоборот, будит нас мощным «хай-тек» импульсом. Гёте — это чёрно-белое кино о вечном сне, а Ялавин — «техниколор» высочайшего разрешения. Золото, синева, изумрудный луг — картинка настолько сочная и чистая, что кажется, будто её можно потрогать руками.

Почему я считаю стихотворение гениальным? Потому что за 20 секунд чтения мы видим законченную драматургию. Есть конфликт (тяжёлый заслон), есть кульминация (взрывное «брызнуло») и есть финал — триумф света на изумрудном лугу.
Это и есть «новый лаконизм». В мире, где на нас выливаются океаны лишней информации, Юрий Ялавин возвращает поэзии её истинную силу — умение управлять светом с помощью всего нескольких слов. Его четверостишие — не просто описание природы, а технология чуда.

Владимир Михайлов

RESEARCH No. 5 FROM THE BOOK BY VLADIMIR MIKHAILOV “ANALYSIS OF ALL POEMS BY YU.S. YALAVIN. VOLUME 4: CREATIVITY OF THE 2000s”

After a long rainy barrier,
When gusts of wind died down suddenly,
In golden torrents from a blue throne
The sun splashed onto the emerald meadow.
(Y. Yalavin “After a long rainy barrier…”, 2005)

“The New Laconism”: An Anatomy of a Quatrain by Yuri Yalavin

Picture this: you are standing beneath a wall of grey, endless rain. The sky feels like concrete; the world looks washed out. Suddenly—an instantaneous rupture, a flash, and everything around you is flooded with gold. How do you capture this in verse so that the reader doesn’t just read the words, but actually squints from the sheer brilliance?

For centuries, most poets chose the path of mere “prettiness.” Konstantin Balmont, for instance, would have showered us with “golden rays” and “lovely little clouds.” It is sweet, like cotton candy, but it melts away from memory just as fast. In his quatrain “After a long rainy barrier…”, Yuri Yalavin chooses a different path—the path of diamond-like precision.

What is the secret behind Yuri Sergeyevich’s text? It is completely free of intellectual “clutter.” The poet does not try to talk us into seeing beauty; he engineers it directly inside our minds. Notice his choice of the word “barrier” (zaslon). This is no ordinary raincloud; it is a powerful barrier, a virtual wall. And the moment it collapses, the author deploys a stroke of genius—the word “splashed” (bryznulo). Not “poured,” not “peeked out,” but precisely splashed! It feels like a champagne explosion, a strike of a

lightwave. This single word carries the pure energy of life—an energy that doesn't just exist, but actively assaults and conquers the grey monotony of the everyday.

And here lies the core philosophical depth: Yalavin is not merely describing the weather; he is capturing the precise moment of spiritual liberation. The "rainy barrier" represents any form of human hardship or stagnation, while the "sun on a blue throne" signifies a sudden internal triumph. The poet conveys a monumental psychological revolution without ever resorting to redundant, self-indulgent pronouns like "I" or "me." What we see is a breakthrough toward the light, brilliantly encrypted into a landscape.

If we contrast this with the great Goethe, who lulls us into silence and peace in his famous mountain peaks poem ("Wanderer's Nightsong II"), Yalavin does the exact opposite: he jolts us awake with a powerful, "high-tech" impulse. Goethe offers a black-and-white art film about eternal sleep; Yalavin delivers high-definition Technicolor. The gold, the blue, the emerald meadow—the imagery is so lush and crisp that you feel as though you could reach out and touch it.

Why do I consider this poem a work of genius? Because within a mere 20-second read, we experience a complete dramatic arc. There is a conflict (the heavy barrier), a climax (the explosive splash), and a resolution—the triumph of light upon the emerald meadow.

This is the essence of the "new laconism." In a world drowning in oceans of information overload, Yuri Yalavin restores to poetry its true, primal power: the ability to command light with just a handful of words. His quatrain is more than a description of nature—it is the technology of a miracle.

Vladimir Mikhailov

ДОПОЛНИТЕЛЬНЫЙ МАТЕРИАЛ

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

https://web.archive.org/web/2026/https://cheb.mk.ru/articles/2015/09/15/yuriy-yalavin-lyubov-dlya-menya-svyatoe-chuvstvo.html

Эта ссылка на интервью Юрия Ялавина: «Любовь для меня — святое чувство», опубликованное в издании «МК в Чебоксарах» («Московский комсомолец» в Чебоксарах) 15 сентября 2015 года.

This is a link to the *MK in Cheboksary* (*Moskovsky Komsomolets* in Cheboksary) page containing Yuri Yalavin's interview, 'For Me, Love Is a Sacred Feeling,' published on September 15, 2015.

Перевод на английский язык интервью Юрия Ялавина: «Любовь для меня — святое чувство», опубликованное в издании «МК в Чебоксарах» («Московский комсомолец» в Чебоксарах) 15 сентября 2015 года:

English translation of Yuri Yalavin's interview, 'For Me, Love Is a Sacred Feeling,' published in the *MK in Cheboksary* (*Moskovsky Komsomolets* in Cheboksary) newspaper on September 15, 2015:

Yuri Yalavin: For Me, Love Is a Sacred Sentiment

By Ekaterina Palyanova

The editorial board sits down with one of the republic's most prominent writers.

"A poet in Russia is more than a poet"—these prophetic words by Yevgeny Yevtushenko perfectly encapsulate Yuri Yalavin. The work of this celebrated Russian poet, a resident of Cheboksary, is intimately known to hundreds of thousands of readers. His poetry consistently commands the highest engagement and ratings among the online literary community.

— Yuri Sergeyevich, you were born into the family of a legendary Chuvash author. Looking back, do you feel that pursuing a literary career was entirely predestined, or did you experience a pull toward other art forms or perhaps more pragmatic endeavors in your youth?

— It was absolutely predestined. After all, the old adage about genetics exists for a reason. I felt an undeniable pull toward literary craftsmanship as early as childhood! My mother used to recall that even before I learned to read, I was profoundly responsive to poetry broadcast on the radio—I would memorize entire stanzas and recite them with absolute rapture. She mentioned that she always looked forward to my kindergarten matinees, where I was a fixture, reading poetry on stage. It brought her immense joy because she saw in me a continuation of my father's legacy.

I was only five years old when he passed away. In early April 1961, my father traveled to Moscow on a business trip, and under the sheer weight of stress, his heart failed. Deserved recognition came to him only posthumously and quite recently. Back in those days, he faced brutal persecution; a false denunciation led to his expulsion from the Union of Soviet Writers. He grieved this injustice deeply, frequently traveling to Moscow to fight for his reinstatement, but tragically, he ran out of time… It was only in 1998, through the dedicated initiative of the Chuvash Writers' Union, that his name was finally restored.

I am profoundly proud to carry on my father's life work. To build a proper foundation, I enrolled in the Faculty of Philology at the university, where I deeply immersed myself in world literature. A formal philological education is an invaluable asset for a creative writer. After graduation, I spent many years working as a journalist—first in print media, then in television. All the while, I kept writing poetry, short stories, and plays. Later, I was invited to

join the administrative apparatus of the Chuvash Writers' Union. I started as a consultant, progressed to chief specialist, and currently serve as the Deputy Chairman of the Board. It is a demanding role that requires hard work, but I pour my soul into it. If my father is looking down on me from above, I like to believe he is proud.

— Creative minds frequently talk about the presence of a Muse during the genesis of their work. Do you personally experience the visitation of an inspiring deity? What serves as your primary creative catalyst?

— Ivan Turgenev beautifully defined inspiration as "the approach of the divine"—an illumination of a human being through sudden thought and profound feeling. I resonate with this entirely. In the crucible of literary creation, I undeniably experience both the approach of the divine and a sense of sudden epiphany. I do not mechanically construct my lines; it feels as though they are dictated to me by an external voice, and I am simply transcribing them. It borders on the mystical, but it is a wonderfully luminous, positive kind of mysticism. That is precisely how my poem "The Heralds" came into being:

Like at New Year we decorate a spruce tree,
Rooks have decorated a pine tree with themselves.
They shout with delight at the top of their lungs,
They call to celebrate spring.
They shout: "Make way for spring!"
They shout about the warm May rain.
We will not judge them harshly.
They are heralds, you cannot stop them.

It is my firm belief that poems born of "dictation," as opposed to those that are merely "engineered," possess a unique, transcendent energy. They resonate far more powerfully with the reader, eliciting a profound emotional echo. Social media has provided empirical proof of this. When I published "The Heralds" on VKontakte, it garnered over 1,780 likes; 146 readers left deeply moved comments, and it was shared 85 times. In essence, it is as if an entire concert hall is standing up and applauding. This is a true triumph for a poet! Authors of purely "calculated" verse rarely, if ever, witness such an overwhelming visceral reaction from their audience.

— What is your preferred genre?

— My creative output belongs predominantly to the genre of love lyricism. For me, love is a sacred sentiment! It elevates a person, making them nobler and more sublime. Love is a monumental, restorative force capable of redeeming even the most fallen soul.

I still vividly recall a transformative episode from my childhood. When I was eight years old, our primary school teacher took us on an educational field trip to a summer meadow. It was a magnificent, sun-drenched day; the birds were celebrating the morning with song, and we were surrounded by breathtaking nature. Toward the end of our walk, my eyes caught a solitary woman sitting sorrowfully beneath a tree. Some inexplicable force

compelled me to walk over to her. I approached and, with pure kindness, offered her a piece of candy. A radiant smile instantly illuminated her face; she embraced me repeatedly, pouring out her gratitude.

That very evening, she knocked on our family's door. With tears of joy, she recounted the story to my mother. She confessed with absolute sincerity that my simple act of kindness had completely upturned her soul. No one had shown her affection for years; people did nothing but mock her, because she was... well, she battled a severe drinking problem. But the story does not end there. Over time, that woman began to transform completely. She quit drinking and reclaimed her dignity. Shortly thereafter, she happily married. Children were born, prosperity followed, and true happiness finally found a home in her life. If that is not the miraculous alchemy of love, what is? I have carried that lesson with me my entire life.

As a young man, I experienced this luminous feeling firsthand. It encompassed everything: emotional turbulence, grand romantic gestures, the boundless bliss of reciprocal affection, and so much more. You can trace this trajectory through my poems—they comprise the authentic chronicle of my soul.

That being said, my writing is not confined to love poetry; philosophical lyrics are equally vital to my worldview. This genre offers an expansive canvas for contemplating the essence of existence, human destiny, our duty to society, and our core moral and ethical ideals.

— Are there any specific authors you find yourself constantly revisiting? In his famous lectures, Vladimir Nabokov asserted that most people read books incorrectly. He argued that to truly understand Tolstoy and visualize, for instance, a train he describes, a reader almost needs to sit over the text with a mechanical blueprint of that specific train. Do you agree with this rigorous approach? How do you personally engage with literature?

— Nabokov became a living classic! I revere him as a writer and am intimately acquainted with his entire bibliography. Even his correspondence with the exceptionally talented American man of letters, Edmund Wilson, was a joy for me to read. I share his conviction that scholarly commentaries are essential to a profound reading experience. Nabokov went so far as to compose two massive volumes of commentary for Eugene Onegin precisely to help Western audiences truly discover Pushkin. It is a noble endeavor! Books of that nature are vital.

The paramount objective is to foster a more well-read society. Literacy and literary engagement directly correlate with a population's education and cultural sophistication, which, in turn, drives a nation's systemic development. It is deeply gratifying that the current year has been designated the Year of Literature in Russia. It signals a profound institutional understanding of the immense value and high cultural mission of the written word.

Personally, I cannot conceive of an existence devoid of reading. I read voraciously and with genuine pleasure. I pay particularly close attention to contemporary literature; I am fascinated by new stylistic currents, emerging trends, and artistic breakthroughs. As for my personal favorites, I hold a deep affection for Sergei Dovlatov, Yuri Nagibin, Vladimir Soloukhin, and Viktoriya Tokareva.

— Our republic, much like any other region, boasts a wealth of young, gifted individuals. What advice would you offer to the rising generation of writers? How can one evolve into an authentic artist who resists the siren song of commercialism—refusing to churn out sensationalist books designed to sell purely on flashy covers and loud titles—and instead maintains a fiercely original voice while remaining compelling to a broad readership?

— I strongly believe that aspiring writers should actively form literary collectives and workshops. The most practical approach is to establish these circles directly within places of work or educational institutions. I am confident that administrative leadership in such settings would gladly facilitate this by providing meeting spaces. Within these hubs, young authors can convene for workshops, engage in critical discussions of each other's manuscripts, and curate handwritten or independent literary journals. The Writers' Union stands fully prepared to champion such initiatives. We have a vested interest in cultivating fresh, talented voices and invigorating the region's literary landscape.

— I am curious to know if you have ever encountered creative block or artistic crises in your career. How did you navigate those periods of stagnation?

— The absolute best antidote to any creative crisis is the intoxicating state of being in love, coupled with immersive, eye-opening travel. I have always consciously aligned my life with these anchors, which is why I have never experienced an artistic crisis, and frankly, I don't anticipate ever facing one.

Furthermore, one must remain hyper-attentive to the signs of destiny and act in accordance with their alignment; doing so ensures that your life will be rich with extraordinary narratives. Allow me to share one such remarkable occurrence. It took place in 1976 while I was clearing my military service with the Group of Soviet Forces in Germany. An officer and I were dispatched on an assignment to a nearby city. Having concluded our business, we were making our way to the railway station on foot.

As we walked down an unfamiliar street, a sign for a tiny shop caught my eye. It displayed a beautiful postage stamp and a warm invitation to descend into the cellar boutique. For reasons I still cannot fathom, I felt an overwhelming, visceral urge to go inside, despite having never possessed the slightest interest in philately. I began pleading with the officer and, with immense difficulty, managed to persuade him.

We stepped down into the shop and were greeted by a charming woman who began educating us on various rare stamps. The officer was visibly yawning from sheer boredom, but I was utterly spellbound. My attention was arrested by several exquisite, three-

dimensional stamps depicting African wildlife. I resolved to purchase them. The officer expressed utter bewilderment—why squander hard-earned money on such trivialities? Yet, I trusted my intuition and bought them anyway.

Thirty years passed. It was only then that the grand design of that moment became crystal clear—it had been an unmistakable sign of destiny! In 2006, through a miraculous sequence of events, I found myself in faraway Africa, traveling through one of its most breathtaking nations: Kenya. And there, in the wild, I saw those exact African animals that had been captured on the stamps three decades prior! I walked through a truly enchanted landscape that gifted me with unforgettable impressions and a profound, positive psychological charge that sustains me to this day. Now, perhaps, you will agree with me: destiny constantly sends us signs—we simply must master the art of reading them.

Материал подготовил Владимир Михайлов

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